

SPIRIT

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THE VOICE OF NATURE.

I HEARD a bird on the linden tree,
From which November leaves were falling,
Sweet were its notes, and wild their tone;
And pensive there as I paused alone,
They spake with a mystical voice to me,
The sunlight of vanish'd years recalling
From out the mazy past.

I turned to the cloud-bedappled sky,
To bare-shorn field and gleaming water;
To frost-night herbage, and perishing flower;
While the Robin haunted the yellow bower,
With his faery plumage and jet-black eye,
Like an unlaid ghost some scene of slaughter:
All mournful was the sight.

Then I thought of seasons, when, long ago,
Ere Hope's clear sky was dimm'd by sorrow,
How bright seem'd the flowers, and the trees how green,
How lengthen'd the blue summer days had been,—
And what pure delight the young spirit's glow,
From the bosom of earth and air, could borrow
Out of all lovely things.

Then my heart leapt to days, when, a careless boy,
'Mid scenes of ambrosial Autumn roaming,
The diamond gem of the Evening Star,
Twinkling amid the pure South afar,
Was gazed on with gushes of holy joy,
As the cherub spirit that ruled the gloaming
With glittering, golden eye.

And oh! with what rapture of silent bliss,
With what breathless deep devotion,
Have I watch'd, like spectre from swathing shroud,
The white moon peer o'er the shadowy cloud,
Illumine the mantled Earth, and kiss
The meekly murmuring lips of Ocean,
As a mother doth her child.

But now I can feel how time hath changed
My thoughts within, the prospect round us—
How boyish companions have thinned away;
How the sun hath grown cloudier, ray by ray;
How loved scenes of childhood are now estranged;
And the chilling tempests of Care have bound us
Within their icy folds.

'Tis no vain dream of moody mind,
That lists a dirge i' the blackbird's singing;

That in gusts hears nature's own voice complain,
And beholds her tears in the gushing rain ;
When low clouds congregate blank and blind,
And Winter's snow-muffled arms are clinging
Round Autumn's faded urn.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

TRAVELLING IN GENERAL : BORDEAUX DILIGENCE IN PARTICULAR.

I AM fond of travelling ; yet I never undertake a journey without experiencing a vague feeling of melancholy. There is to me something strangely oppressive in the preliminaries of departure. The packing of a small valise ; the settlement of accounts—justly pronounced by Rabelais a *blue-devilish* process ; the regulation of books and papers ;—in short, the whole routine of valedictory arrangements, are to me as a nightmare on the waking spirit. They induce a mood of last wills and testaments—a sense of dislocation, which next to a vacuum, Nature abhors—and create a species of moral decomposition, not unlike that effected on matter by chemical agency. It is not that I have to lament the disruption of social connexions or domestic ties. This, I am aware, is a trial sometimes borne with exemplary fortitude ; and I was lately edified by the magnanimous unconcern with which a married friend of mine sang the last verse of “ Home ! sweet home ! ” as the chaise which was to convey him from the *burthen* of his song drove up to the door. It does not become a bachelor to speculate on the mysteries of matrimonial philosophy ; but the feeling of pain with which I enter on the task of migration has no affinity with individual sympathies, or even with domestic attachments. My landlady is, without exception, the ugliest woman in London ; and the locality of Elbow-lane cannot be supposed absolutely to spell-bind the affection of one occupying, as I do, solitary chambers on the third floor.

The case, it may be supposed, is much worse, when it is my lot to take leave after passing a few weeks

at the house of a friend in the country. The master of the mansion, perhaps an old and valued school-fellow :—his wife, a well-bred, accomplished, and still beautiful woman—cordial, without vulgarity—refined, without pretension—and informed, without a shade of blue ! Their children ! . . . But my reader will complete the picture, and imagine, better than I can describe, how one of my temperament must suffer at quitting such a scene. At six o'clock on the dreaded morning, the friendly old butler knocks at my room door, to warn me that the mail will pass in half an hour at the end of the green lane. On descending to the parlour, I find that my old friend has, in spite of our over-night agreement and a slight touch of the gout, come down to see me off. His amiable lady is pouring out for me a cup of tea—assuring me that she would be quite unhappy at allowing me to depart without that indispensable prelude to a journey. A gig waits at the door : my affectionate host will not permit me to walk even half a mile. The minutes pass unheeded till, with a face of busy but cordial concern, the old butler reminds me that the mail is at hand. I bid a hasty and agitated farewell, and turn with loathing to the forced companionship of a public vehicle.

My anti-leave-taking foible is certainly not so much affected when I quit the residence of an hotel—that public home—that wearisome resting-place—that epitome of the world—that compound of gregarious incompatibilities—that bazaar of character—that proper resort of semi-social egotism and unamalgamable individualities—that troublous haven,

where the vessel may ride and tack, half-sheltered, but finds no anchorage. Yet even the Lilliputian ligatures of such a sojourn imperceptibly twine round my lethargic habits, and bind me, Gulliver like, a passive fixture. Once, in particular, I remember to have *stuck* at the Hotel des Bons Enfants, in Paris—a place with nothing to recommend it to one of ordinary locomotive energies. But there I stuck. Business of importance called me to Bordeaux. I lingered for two months. At length, by one of those nervous efforts peculiar to weak resolutions, I made my arrangements, secured my emancipation, and found myself on the way to the starting-place of the Diligence. I well remember the day: it was a rainy afternoon in spring. The aspect of the gayest city in the world was dreary and comfortless. The rain dripped perpendicularly from the eaves of the houses, exemplifying the axiom that lines are composed of a succession of points. At the corners of the streets it shot a curved torrent from the projecting spouts, flooding the channels, and drenching, with a sudden drum-like sound, the passing umbrellas, whose varied tints of pink, blue and orange, like the dragged finery of feathers and flounces beneath them, only made the scene more glaringly desolate. Then came the rush and splatter of cabriolets, scattering terror and defilement. The well-mounted English dandy shows his sense by hoisting his parapluie; the French dragoon curls his mustachio at such effeminacy, and braves the liquid bullets in the genuine spirit of Marengo; the old French count picks his elastic steps with the placid and dignified philosophy of the *ancien regime*; while the Parisian dames, of all ranks, ages and degrees, trip along, with one leg undraped, exactly in proportion to the shapeliness of its configuration.

The huge clock of the Messageries Royales told three as I entered the gateway. The wide court had an air of humid dreariness. On one

side stood a dozen of those moving caravanseras, the national vehicles, with their leathern caps—like those of Danish sailors in a north-wester—hanging half off, soaked with wet. Opposite was the range of offices, busy with all the peculiar importance of French *bureaucratic*. Their clerks, decorated with ribbons and crosses, wield their pens with all the conscious dignity of secretaries of state; and “book” a bale or a parcel as though they were signing a treaty, or granting an amnesty. The meanest *employe* seems to think himself invested with certain occult powers. His civility savours of government patronage; and his frown is inquisitorial. To his fellows his address is abrupt and diplomatic. He seems to speak in cypher, and to gesticulate by some rule of freemasonry. But to the *uninitiated* he is explanatory to a scruple, as though mischief might ensue from his being misapprehended. He makes sure of your understanding by an emphasis, which reminds one of the loudness of tone used towards a person supposed to be hard of hearing—a proceeding not very flattering where there happens to be neither dulness nor deafness in the case. In a word, the measured pedantry of his whole deportment betrays the happy conviction in which he rejoices of being conversant with matters little dreamt of in your philosophy. Among the bystanders, too, there are some who might, probably with more reason, boast their proficiency in mysterious lore—fellows of smooth aspect and polite demeanour, whom at first you imagine to have become casual spectators from mere lack of better pastime, but whose furtive glances and vagrant attention betray the familiars of the police—that complex and mighty engine of modern structure, which far more surely than the “ear of Dionysius,” conveys to the tympanum of power each echoed sigh and reverberated whisper. It is a chilling thing to feel one’s budding confidence in a new acquaintance nipped by such frosty suspicions;

yet—Heaven forgive me!—the bare idea has, before now, caused me to drop, unscented, the pinch of *carotte* which has been courteously tendered by some coffee-house companion. In the group before me, I fancied that I could distinguish some of this ungentle brotherhood; and my averted eye rested with comparative complacency even on a couple of *gens-d'armes*, who were marching up and down before the door, and whose long swords and voluminous cocked hats never appeared to me less offensive.

In the mean time, knots of travellers were congregating round the different vehicles about to depart. In the centre of each little band stood the main point of attraction—that important personage *Monsieur le Conducteur*. With fur cap, official garb, and the excursive eye of a martinet, he inspects every detail of preparation—sees each passenger stowed *seriatim* in his special place—then takes his position in front—gives the word to his jack-booted vice, whose responsive whip cracks assent—and away rolls the ponderous machine, with all the rumbling majesty of a three-decker from off the stocks.

I was roused from these contemplations by a hasty summons to the *Bordeaux Diligence*, which was now ready to start, and which, in a few minutes, was thundering, like its predecessors, along the *Rue des Victoires*. It consisted of three distinct *corps de loges*, capable of holding altogether eighteen passengers; but in the centre compartment, to which I had articulated myself, I found only one travelling companion. A numerous host of friends had attended his departure; and I had observed him exchange the national embrace with nearly a dozen young officers of the Royal Guard. He appeared about five-and-twenty years of age, with dark intelligent eyes, and an agreeable countenance; but the peculiarly mild expression of which checked the surmise—suggested by his demi-military costume—that he belonged to the army. There was an evident dejection, too, about him, which ill-

assorted with the reckless buoyancy of spirit so characteristic of the young French soldier.

As we emerged from the narrow streets, and neared the Pont Neuf, a flood of glorious sunshine bathed the long vista of architectural magnificence which burst on our view. Every cornice, frieze, and pilaster of that dazzling perspective gleamed out in all the distinctness of their sculptured tracery: yet the effect of the whole was as that of a mellowed painting, and the eye slighted every detail to revel in the luxury of that sublime and fugitive emotion which abhors decomposition, and is destroyed by analysis! My companion leaned eagerly to gaze on the splendid scene, and sighed deeply as his last lingering look was intercepted by the projecting angle of the street into which we were now entering. The seriousness of his manner—so unusual in a Frenchman—checked any inclination which I might have felt to indulge that “spirit of free inquiry” so often adopted in these cases. He was too much absorbed in his own feelings to relish conversation, and we remained silent. In a short time, however, he seemed disposed to rally his spirits; and—evidently from a motive of politeness—addressed me. Sense, information and talent marked all he said. In classical learning he seemed a proficient, and showed an equal acquaintance with history, philosophy and science. By degrees he became animated; his gloom wore off, and occasional flashes of wit proved that his intellectual wealth did not all consist of a *paper currency*. Still there was in his talk a guardedness on every topic pointing to himself—an anti-egotism—which evinced his wish to preserve the *incognito*.

At the end of the first stage, we were joined by a young officer—lively, frank and spirited, and with a mind as brimful of the present as if there were no such things, in or out of the world, as the past and the future. The accession of his gaiety was a fresh supply of oxygen; and

my Parisian friend and I, who ran some risk of growing profound and prosy, brightened up, like reviving chandeliers. Our new guest lost no time in informing us that he was a native of Brittany—that he had been bred at the *Ecole Polytechnique*—had fought among the pupils at the memorable defence of *Mont Martre*—had fallen in love the week after—had tried to run away with his mistress—and had gotten into disgrace with his father, who hired him the next day in the disguise of a footman, and forgave him for the sake of the frolic—that, as a dutiful son, he had passed a month in a counting-house, and ten days in a lawyer's office—then followed nature, and entered the army—was fond of the flute—thought *Petit* the best boot-maker, and *Lamarque* the best tailor, in Paris—was now a captain in the Guards—was on his way to join his corps at *Bayonne*—liked all good fellows—and hated but one man in the world, and that was the chaplain of his own regiment.

A volubility like this, is generally unpromising; but there was a redeeming air of candor and generosity about this young *militaire*, which impressed us favorably; and I found on this, as I had done in many other instances, that a redundant flow of animal spirits is not certain evidence of weak intellects, or shallow feelings. "But why, Sir," said I, "this ungracious exclusion of the chaplain from the benefit of that rule of universal good will which you profess, and which ought surely to be a rule without an exception?"

"I cannot help," he replied, "hat- ing hypocrisy. It is a sort of refined treachery, and has always struck me to be that sin against the Holy Ghost, for which there is forgiveness neither in this world nor in the next."

"So much the greater danger," I said, "of imputing it rashly; and you will not be offended at my saying, that among young soldiers, it is too much the fashion to make some individual priest the scape-goat of all the ecclesiastical demerits of christ-

endom. The clerical robe may save a man's bones; but 'tis a weak mantle of defence against prejudice."—"I am an enemy," he replied, "to all prejudice, and am neither a man-hater, a woman-hater, nor a priest-hater; but as you view this matter seriously, permit me to ask, whether religion can be recommended, or morality promoted in a regiment by a gloomy monk, or stray ascetic, who knows no difference between mirth and vice, demureness and virtue; who shuns society, or mars it by pedantry or fastidiousness; and whose theory and practice constitute the perfection of bigotry? For my part," he continued, "whatever be my practice, I have no antipathy to any form of religion; and if I could once meet with a priest of social manners, cheerful conversation, and liberal opinions, in the genuine sense of that term—I am not sure that the practical effect of such a rencontre would not go farther to convert me than all that has been preached and written for a century. But what is of more importance, the influence of a few such ecclesiastics in the army would be prodigious: for after all, Sir, scepticism is not a fundamental ingredient in the French character. The organ of veneration finds a place even in the pericranium of a soldier; and your Corporal Trim has, you know, ably defended our profession from the charge of never praying."—"But, surely," I rejoined, "your clergy must number many such as you describe."—"Not one, I assure you; and so inveterate is the mannerism of the whole body, that I would wager the best dinner *Bordeaux* can furnish, that, disguise a priest as you will, I should know him among a thousand."—"I accept your wager, Sir," said the Parisian, "and though my society is much more among soldiers than ecclesiastics, I do not despair of winning your entertainment."—"And I should be most happy to lose it," said the Captain, "were it only for the honour of the church; but I have little doubt," added he, laughing, "that we shall

fare sumptuously at your expense."

"—I run all risks," replied the other, "and pledge myself to introduce you to a young clerical friend of mine at Bordeaux, with whom you shall converse for an hour, or a day, if you please, without ever suspecting him to be a clerk."—"Done, done, by all means," said the Captain.—"Done," said the Parisian; and I was requested to register the bet.

We were just then entering a village where we stopped to change horses; it was a beautiful summer's evening. A group of peasants were gathered round the inn door; some at their light potations: a more juvenile party dancing under some elms at a short distance, while nearer to us a merry circle were enjoying the mimics and drolleries of a comical looking fellow, with a head of cabbage for a nosegay, and a cock's tail in his hat. He was evidently the jester of the village, and seemed privileged among the girls, whose shrill peals of laughter—(breaking through the staves of a Bacchanalian chorus from within)—responded to every new flash of his wit, or no less irresistible contortion of his countenance. Every surrounding object furnished matter for his quips and cranks; and our trio in the Diligence did not escape. He aimed at us some side-long jibes, which produced a roar of laughter; and such is the effect of ridicule, that even when of the cheapest quality, no one likes to pay for it. For my part, I felt that I was no match for this champion of fun, and looked for support to the young captain; but his power of repartee, after one or two unlucky attempts, was equally at fault; and our cause was growing utterly hopeless, when the Parisian thrust his head out of the window. The wit seemed determined to punish his temerity, and let fly a shower of barbed jests; but to the astonishment of all present, he was met by such a counter volley of jocular retort—*Rolands for Olivers*—*doubles for singles*—all delivered in so exact an imitation of his own

voice, manner, dialect and slang, that victory soon changed sides. The cabbage nosegay, from a badge of honour, became suddenly transformed into a mark of defeat: the cock's tail drooped: the luckless jester grinned, blushed, and finally slunk away, amid the jeers of his fickle audience, who complimented our triumph by giving us three cheers as we rolled away.

"Well," said the Parisian, smiling, and evidently enjoying our almost incredulous astonishment, "it is fortunate for me that the morose chaplain is not here, for I suppose he would set me down as a profligate, past redemption; but as I take you to be like myself, orthodox lovers of a joke, what say you, if we devote ourselves to Momus during the remainder of this journey? We must needs do something to beguile the tedium of the road; and I have ever found Moliere a better travelling companion than Puffendorf or Locke."

We gladly assented to this proposal, and ratified the compact at supper in an extra glass of Burgundy. This repast, at all times exhilarating, is peculiarly so on a journey; and we rose to resume our route in excellent spirits. At the door of the Diligence, we found a young gentleman preparing to join our caravan: he was accompanied by an elderly female, who assiduously kerchiefed his neck, warned him to nurse his cold, and, as he stepped into the carriage, slipped into the pocket of his sur-coat a provision of barley-sugar, pectoral lozenges, and other toothsome specifics. "Behold our first victim to Momus," said the Parisian; and forthwith addressing the youth, he overwhelmed him with a thousand civilities, so strangely officious, yet so gravely volunteered, as to produce a highly diverting effect of gratitude and astonishment. He bewildered him by assuming sundry whimsical modes of expression—a slight stutter, and the tone of a privileged oddity: a combination which, while it nearly convulsed the captain and myself,

placed our guest in the ludicrous predicament, unconsciously, of furnishing the jest,—being himself all the time under the compound torture of excited awe and suppressed laughter. It would require the dramatic talent of a Mathews to describe the scene that followed. Our young traveller was, it appeared, employed in the department of the forests; and his indefatigable mystifier, after putting him through a rigorous examination, on the various branches of his duty, ended by asking him if he could at a glance tell the exact breadth of a river? “No,” was of course the answer. “Then,” replied the other, “if you will attend to me I will give you a simple rule for that purpose, highly useful to a gentleman in your situation.” At the same moment, his clenched hand descended with such force on the hat of his astonished auditor, as to bring the rim of it nearly in contact with his nose—(just then the light of a lamp, near which we had stopped, gave us a full view of the scene). “Pardon me, Sir,” he continued, seizing the hands which were struggling to extricate the engulphed head, “this is the first part of the rule, and cannot be dispensed with. Now, Sir, fancy yourself on the banks of the Oronoco, or any other river. When you come within fifteen paces of the bank you must hold up your head, brace your knees, and step out boldly till you reach the water’s edge. Now be pleased to shut the right eye, and look up with the left, till you bring the visual line in contact, as it were, with the extreme rim of your hat; keeping that eye so fixed, next open the other, and let it rest on the opposite bank of the river. The moment that is done, wheel half-round, suddenly, so! (and suiting the action to the word, he gave the hapless tyro a twirl, assuring him that this too was indispensable). Now, Sir, by this movement—pray, pay particular attention—your eye has described an arc, or section of a circle, which must, as you are well aware, be the measure of the angle formed by the

two visual lines above-mentioned, of which angle—mark!—this (seizing his nose) may be called the apex; and consequently, having formed the said arc, you have only to measure the subtended chord, which will give you to a fraction the breadth of the river! I hope,” he added, “that I make myself understood: if not, I shall be happy to repeat the proposition.” But his bewildered pupil who had, by this time, reached his journey’s end, and was rising to depart—evidently convinced that he had been under the examination of an inspector general of the forests—assured him that his explanation had been perfectly clear; and, amid a profusion of thanks for his condescension, hinted a hope that he would note his name for promotion.

From Orleans to Tours, and from Tours to Bordeaux, our compact of merriment was faithfully adhered to. But to follow our facetious companion through a tithe of the drolleries which he enacted, would overtax the pen of a Smollett. The versatility of talent, and compass of learning, which he enlisted in the production of “*broad grins*,” was quite prodigious, and redeemed his feats of practical wit. To each new tenant of our vehicle, he exhibited himself in a different disguise, assuming, by turns, the manner and phraseology of every rank, profession, and even trade. With surprising tact he seized and developed, at will, the salient points of every new character, literally playing on each—as though he were modulating on a musical instrument; and, with still greater skill, so effectually guarded his own, that on reaching Bordeaux, neither the captain nor I could form the remotest idea of who or what he was. It was clear, however, notwithstanding the mask of waggery which he had chosen to assume, that he possessed a mind of no ordinary stamp;—and we gladly accepted an invitation to breakfast with him the morning after our arrival, that—as he added—no time might be lost in settling the wager between him and the captain.

The moon was just rising as we entered the second city of France, by the finest bridge in Europe. A beaded crescent of luminous points, reflected in the water, marked the outline of splendid masonry that sweeps round the broad Garonne, exhibiting a quay of such grandeur, as to prove the fitness of the appellation, which denotes that the main feature of the city is its fine position, *sur le bord de l'eau*. But my limits warn me to reserve this subject for a future paper, and the repose which I needed after this laughing journey, may not be unacceptable to some of my readers. They will not, however, I trust, decline to join the breakfast party of the Parisian unknown, to which I was summoned, next morning, at the appointed hour, by my friend the captain. We again interchanged surmises respecting our travelling enigma, but not a scintilla of probability could be struck from any of our conjectures. "Well," said the captain, "we may unriddle him at breakfast; and, at all events, I promise you another chance over a bottle of Lafitte, at the excellent dinner which I am to win presently by my skill in divination;" so saying, he led the way to the apartment of our Parisian friend, whose cheerful voice greeted our signal of approach:—but how shall I attempt to describe the paralysis of astonishment which smote us, on beholding, as we entered, the living image, the speaking prototype—nay, the very person and identity of him who was, but yesterday, the scholar, the philosopher, the wit—now standing before us a tonsured, cropped, and cassocked PRIEST!!! After a staring pause, so long, that even on the stage it would have appeared unnatural, he advanced smiling, and cordially shaking our passive hands, said, "Gentlemen, I am truly rejoiced to greet you at length in my real character. I am, indeed, a priest; and having now, I hope, fairly won my wager, I may congratulate myself on having begun the shearing of my flock; among which, Monsieur le Capitaine,

you will perceive that I have the honour of numbering you." So saying, he exhibited, to our increased wonder, his official appointment as chaplain to the — regiment of guards. "I am aware," he continued, "how prone ignorance or malevolence might be, to misconstrue that vein of pleasantry which, I trust, has been, in the present instance, not only innocent, but in some degree useful. In taking from choice the sacred profession, I neither forfeited my feelings as a man, nor the genial tendencies of my disposition to social enjoyment. These ever taught me, and teach me now, to despise cant, and hate hypocrisy. In the ministers of religion these vices are doubly odious, and shall never escape the lash which it may be in my power to apply: but while I make no defence for such as resemble the description given of my morose predecessor in the chaplaincy, I cannot admit (Heaven forbid!) that the majority of my clerical cotemporaries are fashioned on so deformed a model; nor could I decline the opportunity of attempting to prove by one humble example, that misanthropic gloom, and monkish bigotry, do not necessarily enter into the composition of a French priest!"—His animated and eloquent address, of which this is but a faint sketch, drew from the soldier a frank avowal of what he termed "his blundering logic." He shook the young chaplain most cordially by the hand, and assured him that, with such sentiments, he would find a friend in every man in the regiment." "And a friend," added I, "in every country in Europe!"

I need not add that the captain most punctually paid the penalty of his forfeit, and was amply compensated for the loss of his wager, by the acquisition of a friend. On the following morning, after bidding me a cordial adieu, they pursued their route together for the Spanish frontier; and I found myself once more in the solitude of an inn.

CHRONOLOGICAL CATALOGUE OF BISHOPS AND POPES OF ROME.

THE following Table of the Bishops and Popes of Rome, up to the year 1644, is from an ancient Manuscript in my possession, written in the year 1645-46: as I have never met with any thing of the kind before, and believing that such a document will be useful to some of your very numerous readers, I send it for insertion in your Magazine.—The catalogue is ushered in with the following note, which I have transcribed *verbatim et literatim*; the names and dates are, by the writer, stated to have been obtained from the library of the Vatican.

JOHN S. PIERCY.

Sept. 29, 1827

"That St. Peter was here" (Rome) "and taught y^e Xtian. faith is "agreede on all handes and y^t he was Bp: by moste; but no Bp: of Rome "had, or tooke on him y^e name of universal Bp: or head of y^e church till "Boniface 3: aboute A^o 606: it was given him by y^e Emperor Phocas hav- "ing murderd his master Mauritius, to oblige Boniface to him, that so he "might secure Italy: For y^e Eps: at first followd y^e Division of y^e Empire, "and where y^e Emperor had his Defensors, y^e church had a Bp: "and where y^e Emperor had a presidente of a Diocis (y^e Empire being "divided into 14 Diocisses) there the Church a patriarch or primate, as for "example of Yorke for Brittain, of Milan for Italy, of Rome for y^e pre- "senture of y^e city, of Antioch for y^e Easte, of Alexandria for Egipt, of "Carthage for Africke: under every of wh. were inferior Bps. but none "of these patriarchs or primates claymed a superiority over y^e reste, but "they were all æquall till y^e time of Boniface.—A table of all y^e Bps. of "Rome followeth, first of such as claymed notte universale superiority and "y^e of those which did, and where y^e number of years of any pope fills notte "y^e distance of y^e years between the admittance of his successor, some va- "cancy or schisme was."

Anno Christi.	No.	Names and Titles.	Time of filling the Papal see. Y. M. D.	Anno Christi.	No.	Names and Titles.	Time of filling the Papal see. Y. M. D.
44	1	St. Peter of the Cir- cumcision	26 0 0	272	26	Felix II.	0 5 0
70	2	Cletus	23 0 0	275	27	Eutopanus	8 0 0
90	3	Clemens I.	9 0 0	283	28	Caius	13 0 0
102	4	Anacletus I.	9 0 0	296	29	Marcellus	8 0 0
112	5	Evaristus (1)	9 0 0	304	30	Marcellus	5 0 0
121	6	Alexander I.	1 4 0	309	31	Eusebius	2 0 0
131	7	Sixtus I.	10 0 0	311	32	Miltiades	3 0 0
142	8	Flophorus	12 0 0	314	33	Silvester I. (4)	22 0 0
154	9	Higinus (2)	4 0 0	336	34	Marcus	0 8 0
158	10	Pius I.	9 0 0	337	35	Julius I.	15 5 0
167	11	Anacletus II. (3)	9 0 0	352	36	Liberius	15 0 0
175	12	Felix I.	4 0 0	367	37	Damasus I. (5)	18 0 0
179	13	Eleutherius	15 0 0	385	38	Servius (6)	13 0 5
194	14	Victor I.	9 0 0	398	39	Anastasius	4 0 0
203	15	Zephyrinus	18 0 0	402	40	Innocentius I.	15 0 0
221	16	Calixtus I.	5 0 0	417	41	Zozimus	0 1 0
226	17	Urbanus I.	0 6 0	419	42	Bonifacius I.	5 0 0
233	18	Pontranus	5 0 0	428	43	Cilutinus I.	0 8 0
238	19	Antherus	1 0 0	432	44	Sixtus III.	8 0 0
239	20	Fabianus	14 0 0	440	45	Leo Magnus I.	21 0 0
253	21	Cornelius	2 0 0	461	46	Hilarius	0 6 0
255	22	Lucius I.	0 1 0	468	47	Simplicius	1 3 0
256	23	Stephanus I.	0 3 0	483	48	Felix III.	0 9 0
260	24	Sixtus II.	2 0 0	492	49	Gylasius I.	4 0 0
262	25	Dionisius	10 0 0	497	50	Anastasius II.	2 0 0
				499	51	Simmachus	15 0 0

Anno Christi.	No.	Names and Titles.	Time of filling the Papal See.			Anno Christi.	No.	Names and Titles.	Time of filling the Papal See.		
			Y.	M.	D.				Y.	M.	D.
514	52	Hormisdas	9	0	0	896	116	Stephanus VII.	1	0	0
523	53	Johannes	0	2	0	897	117	Romanus	0	4	0
526	54	Felix IV.	4	0	0	897	118	Theodorus II	0	0	20
530	55	Bonifacius II.	1	0	0	897	119	Johannes X.	2	0	0
532	56	Johannes II.	3	0	0	899	120	Benedictus IV.	2	0	0
535	57	Agapellus	1	0	0	903	121	Leo V.	0	0	40
536	58	Silverius	1	0	0	903	122	Christophorus	0	7	0
537	59	Vigilius (7)	18	0	0	903	123	Sergius III. (20)	7	0	0
555	60	Pelagius (8)	5	0	0	910	124	Anastasius III.	2	0	0
560	61	Johannes III.	13	0	0	912	125	Sando	0	6	0
573	62	Benedictus	4	0	0	912	126	Johannes XI.	15	0	0
578	63	Pelagius II.	12	0	0	926	127	Leo VI.	0	6	0
590	64	Gregory Magnus (9)	14	0	0	929	128	Stephanus VIII.	2	0	0
605	65	Sabinianus	1	0	0	931	129	Johannes XII.	5	0	0
606	66	Boniface III. (10)	3	0	0	936	130	Leo VII.	4	0	0
609	67	Boniface IV.	6	0	0	940	131	Stephanus IX.	3	0	0
615	68	Deus dedit	3	0	0	943	132	Martinus III.	3	0	0
618	69	Boniface V.	0	5	0	946	133	Agapellus II.	9	0	0
624	70	Honorius I.	10	0	0	956	134	Johannes XIII.	8	0	0
634	71	Severinus	2	0	0	964	135	Leo VIII.	1	0	0
639	72	Johannes IV.	2	0	0	965	136	Benedictus V.	1	0	0
641	73	Theodorus I.	0	5	0	966	137	Johannes XIV.	7	0	0
649	74	Martinus I.	6	0	0	973	138	Benedictus VI.	0	6	0
654	75	Eugenius I.	0	2	0	974	139	Domnus II.	1	3	0
657	76	Vitullianus (11)	14	0	0	975	140	Boniface VII.	1	0	0
671	77	A deo datus	5	0	0	976	141	Benedictus VII.	8	0	0
677	78	Domnus I.	0	1	0	984	142	Johannes XV.	1	0	0
679	79	Agatho	4	0	0	985	143	Johannes XVI. (21)	10	0	0
683	80	Leo II.	0	10	0	995	144	Johannes XVII.	0	4	0
684	81	Benedictus II.	1	0	0	996	145	Gregory V.	3	0	0
685	82	Johannes V.	1	0	0	999	146	Silvester II. (22)	4	0	0
686	83	Conon	0	11	0	1003	147	Johannes XVIII.	0	5	0
688	84	Sergius	13	0	0	1003	148	Johannes XIX.	6	0	0
701	85	Johannes VI.	3	0	0	1009	149	Sergius IV. (23)	3	0	0
704	86	Johannes VII.	3	0	0	1012	150	Benedictus VIII. (24)	12	0	0
707	87	Sisminius	0	0	20	1024	151	Johannes XX.	0	8	0
707	88	Constantinus (12)	7	0	0	1033	152	Benedictus IX.	12	0	0
714	89	Gregory II. (13)	17	0	0	1045	153	Silvester III.	0	1	0
731	90	Gregory III. (14)	0	10	0	1045	154	Benedictus X.	0	1	7
742	91	Zacharius	10	0	0	1045	155	Gregory VI.	0	0	7
752	92	Stephanus II.	0	0	4	1047	156	Clemens II.	0	9	0
752	93	Stephanus III. (15)	5	0	0	1047	157	Damascus II.	0	0	23
757	94	Paulus I.	10	0	0	1049	158	Leo IX.	5	0	0
767	95	Constantinus II.	1	0	0	1055	159	Victor II.	0	0	2
768	96	Stephanus IV.	4	0	0	1057	160	Stephanus X. (25)	0	1	6
772	97	Adrianus I.	23	0	0	1059	161	Nicholas II. (26)	0	2	0
796	98	Leo III.	20	0	0	1062	162	Alexander II.	11	0	0
816	99	Stephanus V.	0	7	0	1073	163	Gregory VII. (27)	12	0	0
817	100	Paschalis I. (16)	7	0	0	1086	164	Victor III.	1	0	0
824	101	Eugenius II. (17)	3	0	0	1087	165	Urban II. (28)	12	0	0
827	102	Valentinus	0	0	4	1099	166	Paschal II.	18	0	0
827	103	Gregory IV.	16	0	0	1118	167	Gylasius II.	1	0	5
843	104	Sergius II.	3	0	0	1119	168	Calistus II. (29)	6	0	0
846	105	Leo IV.	8	0	0	1125	169	Honorius II.	5	0	0
854	106	Johannes VIII. (18)	2	0	0	1130	170	Innocent II (30)	13	0	0
856	107	Benedictus III.	2	0	0	1143	171	Cilutinus II.	0	5	0
858	108	Nicholas I. (19)	10	0	0	1144	172	Lucius II.	0	11	0
868	109	Adrianus II.	5	0	0	1145	173	Eugenius III.	8	0	0
873	110	Johannes IX.	10	0	0	1153	174	Anastasius IV.	1	0	0
883	111	Martinus II.	1	0	0	1154	175	Adrian IV.	4	0	0
884	112	Adrian III.	1	0	0	1159	176	Alexander III. (31)	22	0	0
885	113	Stephanus VI.	6	0	0	1181	177	Lucius III.	4	0	0
891	114	Tormonis	4	0	0	1185	178	Urban III.	2	0	0
895	115	Boniface VI.	0	0	15	1187	179	Gregory VIII.	0	2	0

Anno Christi.	No.	Names and Titles.	Time of filling the Papal See. Y. M. D.	Anno Christi.	No.	Names and Titles.	Time of filling the Papal See. Y. M. D.
1188	180	Clement III. (32)	3 0 0	1484	221	Innocent VIII.	7 0 0
1191	181	Cilutinus III.	6 0 0	1492	222	Alexander VI. (42)	11 0 0
1198	182	Innocent III. (33)	17 0 0	1503	223	Pius III.	0 0 26
1216	183	Honorius III. (34)	10 0 0	1503	224	Julius II.	10 0 0
1227	184	Gregory IX. (35)	14 0 0	1513	225	Leo X.	9 0 0
1241	185	Cilutinus IV.	0 0 17	1522	226	Adrian VI.	2 0 0
1243	186	Innocent IV. (36)	11 0 0	1524	227	Clement VII. (43)	10 0 0
1254	187	Alexander IV. (37)	6 0 0	1534	228	Paul III. (44)	15 0 0
1261	188	Urban IV.	3 0 0	1550	229	Julius III.	5 0 0
1265	189	Clement IV.	3 0 0	1555	230	Marcellus	0 0 22
1271	190	Gregory X. (38)	14 0 0	1555	231	Paul IV.	5 0 0
1275	191	Innocent V.	0 5 0	1560	232	Pius IV.	6 0 0
1276	192	Adrianus V.	0 0 19	1567	233	Pius V.	5 0 0
1276	193	Johannes XXI.	0 0 8	1572	234	Gregory XIII.	13 0 0
1277	194	Nicholas III.	4 0 0	1585	235	Sextus V. (45)	5 0 0
1281	195	Martinus IV.	4 0 0	1590	236	Urban VII.	1 0 0
1285	196	Honorius IV.	4 0 0	1591	237	Gregory XIV.	0 9 0
1288	197	Nicholas IV.	4 0 0	1591	238	Innocent IX.	0 1 0
1294	198	Cilutinus V.	0 6 0	1592	239	Clement VIII. (46)	13 0 0
1295	199	Boniface VIII. (39)	8 0 0	1605	240	Leo XI.	0 0 26
1303	200	Benedict XI.	0 8 0	1605	241	Paul V.	16 0 0
1305	201	Clement V. (40)	9 0 0	1621	242	Gregory XV.	2 0 0
1316	202	John XXII.	18 0 0	1623	243	Urban VIII.	21 0 0
1334	203	Benedict XII.	7 0 0	1644	244	Innocent X.	11 0 0
1342	204	Clement VI. (41)	10 0 0	1655	245	Alexander VII.	18 0 0
1352	205	Innocent VI.	10 0 0	1668	246	Clement IX.	0 10 0
1362	206	Urban VIII.	8 0 0	1669	247	Clement X.	1 0 0
1371	207	Gregory XI.	7 0 0	1669	248	Innocent XI.	20 0 0
1378	208	Urban IX.	11 0 0	1689	249	Alexander VIII.	2 0 0
1389	209	Boniface IX.	14 0 0	1691	250	Innocent XII.	9 0 0
1404	210	Innocent VII.	2 0 0	1700	251	Clement XI.	21 0 0
1406	211	Gregory XII.	2 0 0	1711	252	Innocent XIII.	6 0 0
1409	212	Alexander V.	0 10 0	1727	253	Benedict XIII.	8 0 0
1410	213	John XXIII.	3 0 0	1730	254	Clement XII.	10 0 0
1413	214	Martin V.	17 0 0	1740	255	Benedict XIV.	18 0 0
1431	215	Eugenius IV.	16 0 0	1758	256	Clement XIII.	11 0 0
1447	216	Nicholas V.	8 0 0	1769	257	Clement XIV.	6 0 0
1455	217	Callistus III.	3 0 0	1775	258	Pius VI.	24 0 0
1458	218	Pius II.	6 0 0	1800	259	Pius VII.	23 0 0
1464	219	Paul II.	7 0 0	1823	260	Leo XII.	Still living.
1471	220	Sixtus IV.	12 0 0				

Note.—I am aware that discrepancies will be found in some of the above dates when compared with general history; indeed, the several authorities which I consulted in the compilation differ considerably; but I am inclined to believe that these here given, are as nearly correct as possible.

General Remarks.—1. Holy water introduced in the year 120.—2. Higinus ordered penance to be done.—3. The sect of the Abstinents branched off from the Church of Rome.—4. Monks established by Silvester I. in 328.—5. The prerogatives of the Roman See much enlarged 378.—6. The sect of the Augustines. The mass in Latin.—7. Extreme unction introduced 550. The Benedictines 548.—8. Heresy made punishable with death, which has continued ever since.—9. Purgatorial doctrine, and Invocation of Virgin and Saints, first promulgated in 593.—10. Boniface III. took upon himself the title of *Universal*.—11. Organs first introduced into churches.—12. Constantine, going to Constantinople to visit the Emperor Justinian, the people out of love to him kissed his foot, which his successors claimed as a reverence.—13. Image worship first introduced in 715.—14. The Pope's Nuncio instituted in 735.—15. The temporal dominion of the Pope commenced in 755.—16. Paschal ordained certain of the parish priests of Rome, and gave them the title of Cardinals.—17. Eugenius took

upon himself the power of giving temporal titles, as Duke, &c.—18. This successor of St. Peter was a woman!—19. This Pope was the first who restrained the clergy from marrying.—20. Sergius III. ordered the burning of lights in the feast of the purification of the Virgin Mary, thence called Candlemas Day.—21. Canonization introduced A. D. 993.—22. Baptism of bells instituted, and the doctrine of transubstantiation first promulgated.—23. The sect of the Minors sprung up.—24. A great schism prevailed in the church about this period.—25. This Pope brought the Church of Milan into obedience to that of Rome, whose bishop before claimed equality with him.—26. The election of popes taken from the Romish clergy, and the right vested in the Cardinals.—27. The Carthusian order sprung up.—28. The Cistercian order begun.—29. The Grey Friars ditto.—30. The Crossed Friars ditto.—31. Carmelites ditto.—32. Indulgences first dispensed.—33. The order of the Ursulines.—The inquisition established A. D. 1204.—The Franciscan and Dominican orders instituted.—Auricular confession established in 1215.—34. The elevation of the host first introduced into public worship in 1222.—35. The inquisition committed to the Dominican monks.—36. The order of the Bethlehemites instituted in 1248.—37. The Anchorites ditto.—38. The Celestines ditto.—39. This year Pope Boniface settled the Jubilee to be held every hundred years.—40. The Bartholomites established.—41. The Minimes established.—42. Savonarola burnt in 1498 for preaching against the vices of the clergy.—43. The order of Capuchins instituted. The Barnabites ditto.—44. The order of the Jesuits founded by Ignatius Loyola.—45. The order of Begging Friars begun.—46. The Theatines ditto.

ROMAN FUNERALS.

I WAS in the Ripetta, when a friend informed me that the funeral of the Cardinal Saluzzo was to take place that day at the Chiesa Nuova, and begged me to accompany him to the ceremony. It required little entreaty. We crossed into the Corso, and after passing through various lanes, we at last emerged into a tolerably handsome square, and stood before the Chiesa Nuova, or, as it is sometimes called, of S. Filippo Neri, and the hideous excrescence of Borromini, the Chapel of the

Oratory, which grows from its side. A considerable crowd had gathered at the entry, and we followed them slowly into the body of the church.

The deceased Cardinal had been removed the day before from his apartments, where he had lain for some time, in the usual state, exposed on a high-raised bed, well trimmed, well rouged,* and attired in all the magnificence of his official costume.† In the centre of the nave, the white and dusty walls of which were hung, shabbily enough, with

* It was observed at the funeral of Cardinal Braschi, and I think with truth, "that Death had improved the appearance of his Eminence." Pasquin, seizing the hint, wondered "why many of the Cardinals did not wish to die!"

† This is a very private affair amongst the nobility, who generally get rid of ancient observances much sooner than the plebeians. The body, placed in a coffin, is conveyed in a mourning carriage between two priests, one in front, the other in rear, from its palace to the grave. The coffin is seen jutting out of the window, and attracts in general as little attention as the blue or red silk-handkerchief displayed in the same manner at a christening. At Naples there is a little more ceremony—a few retainers, a meagre skeleton of the ancient chivalrous practice, follow with lances and scarlet pennons, (the feudal penelloni or banderuole of Boccaccio, Nov. xxxix. 6.) a gaudily red and gilt bier or hearse, to the family vault, which is usually hard by. The group resembles any thing rather than a funeral procession; but in this capital every thing is conducted by Punch, and people pique themselves in laughing at the grave.

stripes of black, was raised his catafalque or bier. A pall of gold cloth or brocade hung down on each side; the insignia of his sacred dignity were disposed above. Close to the bier stood two rows of enormous wax torches in silver candelabra, and before them two battle-axe men, or Swiss halberdiers, and two mutes, in black, of the immediate household of his Eminence. The guards were tired, and paced up and down disorderly enough; the mutes were not less distracted; and the people crowded, and crushed, and shuffled away behind. This was not a very promising prelude to the ceremony: the mind, like the eye, wandered up and down at first without an object, but the congregation grew gradually more quiet, and the imagination at last became steady, and glided imperceptibly to its place. In a few moments the Service of the Dead commenced. The Catholic liturgy is rather complicated, and at the present day not very intelligible; the form indeed remains, but the cause which suggested and justified it, and conferred a meaning and a beauty on the external expression, has passed away—the wisdom is hidden, the hieroglyphic a dead letter, but enough of the original intention from time to time appears, to cast a mysterious and venerable light on the whole. The Pope officiated, or, as the papers expressed it, “pontificated,” in person: it is an honour due by etiquette to the Cardinals, who consider themselves little less in dignity than the Pope.* I expected to have seen him take a very principal part in the ritual; but it seems, with a more refined sense of his supremacy, he is exempted from its honors and fatigues. He presided over, instead of conducting the service: that is, occasionally rose from his throne, which was placed at one side of the Sanctuary with all his officers,—advanced slowly to the altar, and for a moment occupied the

place of the officiating dignitary. When the prayer was concluded, he returned to his seat, and entered into his meditations anew. Now all this was very fine and impressive; and, in a very short period, the ruffings of the assembly completely subsided, and a religious reserve and composure diffused itself gradually from the principal to his inferiors, and from them over the whole crowd. No one indeed could be better fitted to give a touching grace and grandeur to a religious ceremony than Pius VII. He was the very personification which a poet or painter would choose for a Pontifex Maximus in the full exercise of his highest functions. The persecutions in the earlier part of his reign—the physical sufferings of the last ten years—much mental depression—little intellectual ambition, less political—no intrigue—the courage of patience—benevolence rather than beneficence (his beneficence he left to Consalvi)—the religion of a good rather than a great man—such were the first judgments which his appearance suggested; as he proceeded in the ceremony, its influence became more perceptible, his infirmities seemed forgotten, and his sallow cheeks were gradually illuminated by languid gleamings of that tempered devotional enthusiasm, which seems habitual to Catholicity, and which formed the predominating distinctive of the latter part of his life. At times, however, he was borne down by sheer pain, and the remains of an attack from which he had yet but partially recovered: it was then, as he tottered feebly to the altar, that he presented no exaggerated allegory of the actual state of his principality, and was just that sort of prince which a pope should be who is not too young for the happiness of mankind. Immediately below, and near his throne, were gathered several of his household, one holding his ring, another waiting for his breviary and

* In the old Decretals, Cardinals rank with Kings, and Emperors with Popes. These are the pretensions which justify such epithets as the “terribile fantastico” of Castiglione, and such rebukes as the bold and vehement invectives of Machiavel.

mitre—for the triregno, or tiara, is only worn on the most solemn occasions,—and many more without any special occupation, preserving an official immobility in face and attitude, which was half temperament and half duty. Then followed, on each side, but considerably below the former, the two benches of cardinals, with their caps and servants, or caudatarii, at their feet, and their heavy folds of purple cast proudly around them. The recollections of the Leos and Borgias, whose estates were kingdoms, make even the modern college an interesting body. I could see nothing, however, like a symptom of regret for their deceased brother, then lying so near them, to enhance the interest. Apathy and decorum sate in imperturbable dignity on their aged and yellow faces; and, instead of dwelling on the dead, each, from Consalvi to Maury, seemed busied with their breviary, and perhaps the future. The seats immediately in rear of the cardinals were occupied by the bishops, prelates, and generals of religious orders; a detachment of the Guardia Nobile, glittering with aiguillettes, preserved order, or were supposed to do so, behind. The monotony of these two equal lines, the humming sotto-voce tone of the high mass, the buzzing of the Cardinal and Capucin in reciting the responses, the flare and crisping of the great yellow torches around the bier, or in the tall massive candlesticks at the railing of the altar—all this was in the finest keeping, and was just that sort of sober livery of Death which the imagination might select for the array of its visionary funerals. A stillness, as of the grave, weighed on every thing—the very battle-axe men, who were such as we often find them throwing the glare of their picturesque costume over the works of Tintoret or Veronese, hung sleepily on their halberds; there was no break—no flaw—except, perhaps, the Body Guard, who have no business, with their modern French fopperies, or giddy chattering, in the midst of the costumes and

gravities of the fifteenth century. Over all this, when the silence was deepest, and I least expected it, burst the music—the *Dies Iræ*—the famous requiem from the Papal choir opposite—without organ, violin, or instrument whatsoever—half violent, tumultuous; half piercing, plaintive, and faint for grief. It is a noble thing, and few, I should hope, could hear it without feeling its commotion to the very depths of their soul. In its renewed and keen swells, its dwelling on and returning to the same searching note, its shrill simplicity, its decisive and unsubdued wailing, and sudden rushes into the disorderly movement of the funeral chorus, there are such direct appeals to all hearts, echoes so completely of human nature, that I very much doubt whether such universal language be not the best of all rituals, and the most appropriate offering which can be claimed or received by the departed. Nor was the church ill calculated for the entire developement of this effect. Large and clear, its fine arcades gave the human voice, unadulterated by any accompaniment, its full sweep; and the sounds descended, mellowed and purified, with all their burthens, into the heart, which was never better prepared than at that moment to receive them.

We expected a funeral oration and interment; but, instead of either, had a funeral procession. The assistants retired—the church was soon deserted—the ceremony had lasted for two hours. The body continued in its place till the evening, when it was committed to the vaults of the church (of which I believe his Eminence was the titular) without any additional service, in private, and without show.

This ceremonial is considered as one of the most imposing at Rome, which is a city of ceremonies, and yielding only in magnificence to the obsequies of royal personages. The burial of the *Mezzo-ceto* classes is conducted rather differently. The body is exposed, much in the same

manner, at home; but the conveyance, or passage from the habitation to the sepulchre, is generally considered as an occasion which calls for the utmost display. Torches, priests, psalmody, are sought for with a spirit of rivalry which easily explains the sumptuary laws of the Florentine and Roman statue-books, and which, unnoticed but not extinguished in the present age, in a poorer must have been highly offensive to the frugality and jealousies of a Republic. The religious orders, the Capucins particularly, are in constant requisition; not a day that you may not meet two or three of their detachments in various parts of the city:—the religious or charitable fraternities, such as the *Fratelli della Misericordia*, of which the deceased is generally a brother or a benefactor, or both, think it also a point of duty and gratitude to swell the *cortège*, and in the greatest numbers they can muster to attend. Their costume, which is highly picturesque, is always a striking feature, and adds much to the brilliancy of the display. They wear a sort of sack robe or tunic, which covers the whole body, girt with a rope round the waist, and with holes pierced in the *capuchon* for the eyes; their large grey slouched hat is thrown back, much in the manner in which it appears on the statues of Mercury, on their shoulders; their feet are often in *zoccoli*, or sandals of wood, and sometimes, though rarely, bare. The colour of their dress varies according to the rule of their society; at Rome, I have noticed white, blue, and grey: at Florence they prefer black. The corpse is dressed up with great care, and often with a degree of luxury which would become a wedding; the best linen, the richest ornaments, are lavished; garlands are placed on the head; the hands crossed, with a crucifix between them, on the bosom, and the face and feet left quite bare. Sometimes, through a capricious fit of piety, all this is studiously dispensed with, and the body appears clad in the habit of some religious

order, to which the deceased was especially addicted during life. In this manner the procession begins to move after sunset, preceded by a tall silver cross, beads, &c.; friars, priests, &c. chaunting the *De Profundis* through the principal streets to the church where it is intended it should be interred. The effect, with some abatements for the boys following to pick up the drippings of the torches, and the perfect indifference of the assistants, for neither friends nor relatives attend, is certainly very solemn. The deep hoarse recitative of the psalm, the strange phantom-like appearance of the fraternities, the flash and glare of the torches which they carry, on the face of the dead; the dead body itself, in all the appalling nakedness of mortality, but still mocked with the tawdry images of this world, in the flowers and tinsel and gilding which surround it; the quick swinging motion with which it is hurried along, and with which it comes trenching, when one least expects it, on all the gaieties and busy interests of existence (for at this hour the *Corso* and the *Caffè* are most crowded)—all this, without any reference to the intrinsic solemnity of such a scene, is calculated, as mere stage effect, powerfully to stir up the sympathies and imagination of a stranger. On the inhabitants, as might be apprehended, such pageants have long since lost all their influence; and I have seen a line extending down a whole street, without deranging a single loungee from his seat, or interrupting for an instant the pleasures of ice-eating and punch-drinking, which generally takes place in the open air. Whether this passion for bringing into coarse contact, as is often the case, both life and death, the gloomy and the gay, be constitutional or traditional, I know not; but a traveller can scarcely fail of being struck with the prevalence of the feeling and practice amongst the southern nations at all periods of their history, and finding, in the modern inhabitants of

those favoured regions, frequent resemblances to that strange spirit of melancholy voluptuousness, which travelled onward from Egypt to Greece, and from Greece, together with the other refinements of her philosophy, into the greater part of Italy. On reaching the church, unless the wealth and situation of the departed can permit the consolation or the vanity of a high mass, the body is immediately committed to the tomb. Such at least is the practice at Rome; and there are few who have not witnessed with disgust the indecent haste of the few attendants by whom this portion of the last rites is usually despatched. In the country, and in smaller towns, the corpse is usually exposed for at least a day: I know few exceptions, from Trent to Naples. It is generally an affecting ceremony. One of the most touching instances of the kind I can remember, was the exposure of a young girl, who had just died in the flush of beauty in a small village in Tuscany. I was passing through at the time, and stepped by chance into the church. The corpse was lying on a small bier before the altar; a small lamp burnt above. Her two younger sisters were kneeling at her side, and from time to time cast flowers upon her head. Scarcely a peasant entered but immediately came up and touched the bier, and, after kneeling for a few moments, rose and murmured a prayer or two for the spiritual rest of the departed. All this was done very naturally, and with a kindliness which spoke highly for the warmth and purity of their affections. A similar custom still continues at Rome. The day after the execution of the conspirator Targioni, who suffered in the late affair of the Prince Spada, flowers and chaplets, notwithstanding every precaution on the part of the police, were found scattered on his tomb. He had been refused, for his contumacy in his last moments, Christian sepulture, and was buried in a field outside the Porta del Popolo. It is remarkable that, very

nearly in the same place, the freedmen of Nero paid a similar tribute of affection to the mortal remains of their master. Garlands and flowers, the morning after his death, were also found upon his tomb.

The burial of the dead indiscriminately, or indeed at all, either in churches or in cities, has been justly reprehended. In most of the cities of Italy the custom has been abolished—even Naples has its Campo Santo, and the Certosa of Bologna is celebrated. At Rome, however, the abuse still continues inveterate. In some instances, the evil of choosing such a place is much enhanced by the manner of the interment. The bodies interred in the vaults of the Pantheon are said to be often thrown in without coffin or winding-sheet. I know such practices exist at Naples, but then they take place without the town, and with the proper accompaniment of quick-lime, &c. The heavy and noxious effluvia exhaled from such deposits is perceptible in most churches; and if any doubt should be entertained on this head, let the traveller visit San Lorenzo in Lucina, the centre of one of the most populous parishes in Rome, on a day when the Sirocco is felt, and the congregation is tolerably crowded. He will there find enough to convince him of the little chance of neutralizing the malaria of the Campagna, whilst the inhabitants can tolerate a worse description of miasma within their own walls. In Monte Fiascone and Viterbo, such just apprehension is entertained on this head, that the vaults of some of their churches are closed down with iron bars, and prohibited from being opened under the pain of excommunication. The very church of which I have been just speaking was substituted to that of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, in consequence of the prevalence of the *Cattiv' Aria*. It is much to be desired that government would extend a similar attention to a pestilence still more pernicious, in the very heart of the city.

There is no justification for this

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practice in antiquity. The Romans considered interment in a temple profanation; for any instance to the contrary, such as that of Domitia, (*Suet.* 17,) may be explained, on the plea of the favoured mortal being considered a god, or the word *templum* being applied to a *mansoleum*.

The Jews were still more scrupulous. Public cemeteries were required by law to be at the distance of nearly one from ordinary, and two miles from Levitical cities (*Glossa in Kiddushin*); no public roads could be driven through them; and the sepulchres, in order to prevent contamination, were ordered to be whitened,—a custom to which our Saviour refers, and which is still observable in the East. The Pharisees, as may be imagined, carried this to a ridiculous extreme. The Gemmarists and Glossarists are more punctilious and prolix. (*Rabbi Simon.*) Why the Christian has departed from the custom of the Hebrew, and the Italian of the Roman,

can only be accounted for on the sacred character attached to the tombs of the martyr—a character so venerable, that sarcophagus in a short time became very nearly synonymous with altar. A devotee to the saint would, in the first instance, treasure up his relics during life, and in the next, by a natural consequence, desire to repose in their vicinity after death. But why enter farther into these details?—an Englishman has quite as much to blush for as any Italian. Even at the moment that I write, London and Dublin, Catholic and Protestant, in a spirit of worldly speculation, grafting itself on the religious follies of mankind, set up the vaults, with the pews, of every new church to the highest bidder. The health of the living should not be sacrificed to the snug lying of the dead; and this is one of the few cases in which the legislature is imperatively called on to interpose its salutary authority between the individual and his absurd inclinations.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

ALVAREZ DE RAMEIRO was the son of a Portuguese marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations: but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often, as much "upon compulsion" as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerable well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the

pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady, whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she noticed it, might not have impressed her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut, (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and

on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately afterwards the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair—for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did better: she seized a rake, and, approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-weed in great profusion. Never did human being present a more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim with Trinculo, "What have we here?—a man or a fish?" And indeed, until "the creature found a tongue," it would have been no easy task for Linnæus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable: whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse on seeing him safely landed was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, "to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition."

"Apparition!—nay, senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on

the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute: and as for your apologies, you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months."

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since but for you I had been their food. Yon moat, although not wide enough to swim in, possesses marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. "Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in."

"Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat."

"You forget, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, "that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, senor," said the daughter, "to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud:—I should like the cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—"a world too wide" for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness, and was equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight-forward disposition of the Englishman, who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as refection, he made a point of keeping it up, and, with this general object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass, and, passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation: "It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass, man, and don't keep your

hand on the bottle; it heats the wine."

"Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth's society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it."

"Then have the kindness to push the cigar-dish a little nearer, for mine is out."

"I hope, sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her?"

"I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her."

"Nor to yourself, I trust?"

"No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them."

"They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?"

"Nay, your own honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence."

"May I, then, without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?"

"In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but, now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

"When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I ever hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?"

"I have never told her, because I

know not how she would receive the declaration, and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her."

"Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and, in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

"As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant."

"And a heretic."

"No, sir; my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then, let me tell you that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and as a British fleet in the

bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk: but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities."

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and scarcely had the preliminary arrange-

ments been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still, however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart, and the honourable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal

courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755—by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the Inquisition—and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage-door with the intention of assassinating him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and, being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

"Alas, my daughter!" said the old man, "I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service.—Follow me."

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: "There, in that room, is he whom you seek: may God prosper

your errand!" With these words he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her; and, entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but, raising his eyes, looked coldly and sternly upon her; and, without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings: and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain if she had any thing more to say. His reply was—"Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the Inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do

nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant; what was his name?"

"Wentworth, senior."

"Wentworth!—I have good reason to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combatted them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathering around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble: I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho,' said he, 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, at parting, said, with a smile, 'Now, Carvalho, we are foes again.'—And is he dead? Then have I lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her

what you see : but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have laboured day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people ; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not a man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavour to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room for a few minutes, thoughtfully and perplexed ; at length he resumed : "The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede : it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling : tell no one that you have seen me ; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth ; around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses ; at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling ; and immediately opposite was a bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap

with a square crown ; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand on a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said : "Senor Alvarez, you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

"Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may."

"You speak rashly, senor ; the Holy Office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the Inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said : and if any man have aught against me, let him stand forth."

"The Holy Office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts ; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent : but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites that, having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely-called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith ; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, senor Alvarez, is the

charge: what have you to urge against its truth?"

"God forbid that, in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine Author! You have reproached me with my English parentage; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then am I a heretic; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of Heaven's mercy!"

"Nay, *senor Alvarez*, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion: and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church.—By a law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, *Wentworth*, become the property of the church; and as, from your connexion with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possession of all you know upon the subject."

"Behold," said *Alvarez*, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, "the cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the Inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he, upon whom your dungeons have once closed, stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insidiously proposed, I should not

only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which, if its power were equal to its will, would make this beauteous world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith: by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostacy."

During this speech, the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed, when *Alvarez* had finished, "You vaunt it bravely, *senor*! we will now try that persuasive power which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative."

"You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret."

"Away with him to the torture!" roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while *Alvarez* was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remotest parts of the room were involved in darkness. *Alvarez* looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, "Well, *senor Alvarez*! we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?"

"He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it."

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"You will need it all, *senor*, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!"

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his, and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in the tone of supplication. "If," said he, "there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim: tear me piece-meal, limb from limb; but, for the sake of Him whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, oh spare, this beautiful work of his hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it!—Oh, if yon image of the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of his meekness and his mercy, I beseech you harm her not!"

"Nay, *senor*," replied the inquisitor with a laugh of irony, "you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!"

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon; and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle was all she could oppose to the application of the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was, therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed "Forbear!" and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal,

his arm, however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes.

The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spake not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho.

The inquisitor started, as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

"*Senor Carvalho*," said he, "this visit is an honour for which we were not prepared: may I beg to be informed of its object?"

"Simply the liberation of those prisoners."

"Upon what authority do you demand it?"

"My own will."

"Much as we respect that, *senor*, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask."

"As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me, and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, *senor*; the prisoners must pass to their trial, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, *senor*, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularly is not my wont, or a jest within the torture-room of the Holy Office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me,

I was never more in earnest than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"Senor Carvalho," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat, if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, "in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship-loads, until his holiness heartily wished the appeal and the locusts that followed it in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth,

and, passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped, and said: "Here we part: I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you is, get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them,) "will assist you in getting your effects on board: follow them with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe; beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England. May God bless and keep you! —Farewell!" He pressed the hand of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed: before half of the allotted time had expired they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous.

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

THE fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, September 2, 1666, O. S., and being impelled by strong winds, raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights; nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth morning after it began. The conflagration commenced at the house of one Farryner, a baker, in Pudding-lane, near [New] Fish-street-hill, and within ten houses of

Thames-street, into which it spread within a few hours; nearly the whole of the contiguous buildings being of timber, lath, and plaster, and the whole neighbourhood presenting little else than closely confined passages and narrow alleys. The fire quickly spread; and was not to be conquered by any human means. "Then, (says a contemporary writer,) then the city did shake indeed,

and the inhabitants did tremble, and flew away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them : *rattle, rattle, rattle*, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones. You might see the houses *tumble, tumble, tumble*, from one street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens.*

The destructive fury of this conflagration was never, perhaps, exceeded in any part of the world, by any fire originating in accident. Within the walls, it consumed almost five-sixths of the whole city ; and without the walls it cleared a space nearly as extensive as the one-sixth part left unburnt within. Scarcely a single building that came within the range of the flames was left standing. Public buildings, churches, and dwelling-houses, were alike involved in one common fate.

In the summary account of this vast devastation, given in one of the inscriptions on the Monument, and which was drawn up from the reports of the surveyors appointed after the fire, it is stated, that " The ruins of the city were 436 acres [viz. 333 acres within the walls, and 63 in the liberties of the city ;] that, of the six-and-twenty wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt ; and that it consumed 400 streets, 13,200 dwelling-houses, 89 churches besides chapels ; 4 of the city gates, Guild-hall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, and a vast number of stately edifices." The immense property destroyed in this dreadful time cannot be estimated at less than *ten millions* sterling. Amid all the confusion and multiplied dangers that arose from the fire, it does not appear that more than *six per-*

sons lost their lives. Calamitous as were the immediate consequences of this dreadful fire, its remote effects have proved an incalculable blessing to subsequent generations. To this conflagration may be attributed the complete destruction of the plague, which, the year before only, swept off 68,590, persons !! To this tremendous fire we owe most of our grand public structures—the regularity and beauty of our streets—and, finally, the great salubrity and extreme cleanliness of a large part of the city of London.

" Heaven be praised," says Mr. Malcolm† " old London was burnt. Good reader, turn to the ancient prints, in order to see what it has been ; observe those hovels convulsed ; imagine the chambers within them, and wonder why the plague, the leprosy, and the sweating-sickness raged. Turn then to the prints illustrative of our present dwellings, and be happy. The misery of 1665 must have operated on the minds of the legislature and the citizens, when they rebuilt and inhabited their houses. The former enacted many salutary clauses for the preservation of health, and would have done more, had not the public rejected that which was for their benefit ; those who preferred high habitations and narrow dark streets had them. It is only to be lamented that we are compelled to suffer for their folly. These errors are now frequently partially removed by the exertion of the Corporation of London ; but a complete reformation is impossible. It is to the improved dwellings composed of brick, the wainscot or papered walls, the high ceilings, the boarded floors, and large windows, and cleanliness, that we are indebted for the general preservation of health since 1666. From that auspicious year the very existence of the natives of London improved ; their

* The progress of the fire might have been stopped, but for the foolish conduct of the Lord Mayor, who refused to give orders for pulling down some houses, without the consent of the owners. Buckets and engines were of no use, from the confined state of the streets.

† " Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London in the Eighteenth Century," vol. ii. p. 378.

bodies moved in a large space of pure air; and, finding every thing clean and new around them, they determined to keep them so. Previously unknown luxuries and improvements in furniture were suggested; and a man of moderate fortune saw his house vie with, nay, superior to, the old palaces of his governors. When he paced his streets, he felt the congenial western breeze pass him, rich with the perfumes of the country, instead of the stench described by Erasmus; and looking upward, he beheld the beautiful blue of the air, variegated with fleecy clouds, in place of projecting black beams and plaster, obscured by vapour and smoke."

The streets of London must have

been dangerously dark during the winter nights before it was burnt; lanterns with candles were very sparingly scattered, nor was light much better distributed even in the new streets previously to the 18th century. Globular lamps were introduced by Michael Cole, who obtained a patent in July, 1708.

Speaking of the burning of London, the author just quoted says "This subject may be allowed to be familiar to me, and I have perhaps had more than common means of judging; and I now declare it to be my full and decided opinion, that London was burnt by government, to annihilate the plague, which was grafted in every crevice of the hateful old houses composing it."

THE BATTLE.

MORN! and the flowers unfold,
Fragrant as bright,
Leaves that seem burnished gold
Ether, or light;
Mountain and forest green,
Valley and glade,
Glow, as that cloudless sheen
Never would fade!

Where the pale willows bow,
Wanders a stream,
Calm as an infant's brow—
Still as a dream;
Peals of sweet melody
Float on the gale,
Larks roam the sunny sky,
'Finches the vale!

Hark to the trumpet-sound!
Armed men are near;
Forests and hills around
Echo their cheer;
Rank upon rank, the brave
Press to their doom;
Far as eye reaches, wave
Pennon and plume!

Knee is opposed to knee,
Eye glares on eye,
Thunders of musquetry
Darken the sky;
Chargers wheel—sabres clash—
Fierce grows the strife,
While from each ruddy gash
Gushes a life!

Eve! and wild havoc's din
Dies on the ear,
Stars, one by one begin
Fast to appear;
Where raged the strife of arms
Broods twilight grey,
But the fair landscape's charms—
Where, where are they?

Bare is the forest bough,
Blood-stained the rill,
Birds—are they singing now?
Flowers—bloom they still?
No!—behold, near and far,
Carnage and death;—
Strong is thine arm, O War!—
Blasting thy breath!

STANZAS.

THEY tell me that there is a trace
Of sorrow on my brow;
They tell me that my cheek hath lost
Its wonted ruddy glow;
And they are right—how can I bid
My cheek or brow look glad;
How can I dress my face in smiles,
When all my thoughts are sad!

The cold and worldling crowd know not
How hard 'tis to forget,
How hard to vanquish hopes on which
Both heart and soul were set—
Oh 'tis in vain to bid the eye
Smile or the lip look gay;
When every joy that gave life rest,
Is hastening to decay.

Though joy be gone and health be fled,
Yet still I cannot weep—
No freshening moisture will arise,
My burning lids to sleep—

Though sorrows press around, yet oft
I vainly hope to see
Days which Fate's stern prophetic voice
Whispers will never be.

SKETCHES OF PERSIA.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM has made two official journeys as ambassador, or, as the Persians say, *el-chee*, to the court of Persia, on the part of the Supreme Government of India; the first was in 1800, and the other ten years afterwards. In these sketches, incidents which happened in both embassies are recorded, not in any regular order, but partly following the course of the second journey, and partly introducing, by way of comparison, the events of the former expedition.

Publications respecting Persia have of late been frequent. Mr. Frazer's travels throw great light upon the state of its government, the condition of its population, and the character of its people. The amusing novel of *Hajji Baba*, written, as it is said, by Mr. Morier, has presented similar information in a more palatable form to the lover of fiction. The Persian *Gil Blas* does for Persia what *Le Sage* did or intended to do for Spain. The "Sketches" continue the series; and on the whole present the people and its government in a more favorable light than any of its predecessors. Not that its author denies or throws a doubt upon the facts recorded by the writers we have mentioned; but his greater experience makes allowance for circumstances, and enables him to take a much deeper view into the whole case. The writings of Frazer present an arid desert of tyranny, oppression, corruption and immorality. Sir John Malcolm makes greater allowance for the difference of national habits and feelings; and shows, without effort indeed, and in a very pleasant manner, that that which would deserve their names in one country, may bear a very differ-

ent value in another; but these things will be better proved by the author himself as we go along.

The slave market gives rise to some reflections on Oriental slavery, on the part of the author, which will enlighten many who are led away by the mere name of a thing:—

"The slave in eastern countries, after he is trained to serve, attains the condition of a favoured domestic; his adoption of the religion of his master is usually the first step which conciliates the latter. Except at a few seaports he is seldom put to hard labour. In Asia there are no fields tilled by slaves, no manufactories in which they are doomed to toil; their occupations are all of a domestic nature, and good behaviour is rewarded by kindness and confidence, which raises them in the community to which they belong. The term *gholam*, or slave, in Mahomedan countries, is not one of opprobrium, nor does it even convey the idea of a degraded condition. The Georgians, Nubians, and Abyssinians, and even the *Seedee*, or *Cafree*, as the woolly-headed Africans are called, are usually married, and their children, who are termed house-born, become, in a manner, part of their master's family. They are deemed the most attached of his adherents: they often inherit a considerable portion of his wealth; and not unfrequently (with the exception of the woolly headed *Caffree*) lose, by a marriage in his family, or by some other equally respectable connection, all trace of their origin.

"According to the Mahomedan law, the state of slavery is divided into two conditions—the perfect and absolute, or imperfect and privileged.

Those who belong to the first class are, with all their property, at the disposal of their masters. The second, though they cannot, before emancipation, inherit or acquire property, have many privileges, and cannot be sold or transferred. A female who has a child to her master, belongs to the privileged class; as does a slave to whom his master has promised his liberty, on payment of a certain sum, or on his death.

"The greatest encouragement is given in the Koran, and by all commentaries on that volume, to the manumission of slaves. Mahomed has said, 'Unto such of your slaves as desire a written instrument, allowing them to redeem themselves on paying a certain sum, write one, if ye know good in them, and give them of the riches of God, which he hath given you.'

"It is in obedience to this precept that pious Mahomedans often grant small pieces of land to a slave, or teach him a profession, that he may, through industry and frugality, attain the means of paying for his freedom, at the same time that he acquires habits which render him worthy of the great gift. Mahomedans are also encouraged to manumit their slaves by the law, which gives them a title, as residuary heir, to any property of which the person to whom they may have granted freedom dies possessed.

"On one point the slaves are on a footing with free females; they are only liable, for any crimes they may commit, to suffer half the punishment to which a free man would be subject. This law proceeds on the ground of their not being supposed on a par, as to knowledge or social ties with other parts of the community. The application, however, of this principle of justice to cases where the law awards death or amputation, has puzzled the wise mullahs, or doctors, who have resorted to the usual remedy of writing ponderous volumes upon the subject; but I do not learn that they have yet discovered a plan by which an

offending woman or slave can be punished with the loss of half a life; or an operation be performed, which will leave them with a half-amputated limb."

In Persia no one walks, and consequently the whole establishment of the elchee must be mounted on something or other. This brings him in contact with the Arab horse dealers, who are not particularly unlike their brethren in this country. It is singular that association with one of the noblest and gentlest of animals should almost invariably taint its keeper with roguery: no man is to be trusted on the subject of his horse, whether he be Turk or Arab. The Arabian owners and breeders of this animal are even more particular in their prejudices than the men on the turf in this country; their care of their animals, their value of them, and their skill, are not to be equalled on the plains of Newmarket, or the wolds of Yorkshire.

"Hyder, the elchee's master of the chase, was the person who imparted knowledge to me on all subjects relating to Arabian horses. He would descant by the hour on the properties of a colt that was yet untried, but which, he concluded, must possess all the perfections of its sire and dam, with whose histories, and that of their progenitors, he was well acquainted. Hyder had shares in five or six brood mares; and he told me a mare was sometimes divided amongst ten or twelve Arabs, which accounted for the groups of half-naked fellows whom I saw watching, with anxiety, the progress made by their managing partner in a bargain for one of the produce. They often displayed on these occasions no small violence of temper; and I have more than once observed a party leading off their ragged colt in perfect fury, at the blood of Daghee or Shumehtee, or some renowned sire or grandsire, being depreciated by an inadequate offer, from an ignorant Indian or European.

"The Arabs place still more value on their mares than on their horses; but even the latter are sometimes esteemed beyond all price. When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay horse of extraordinary shape and beauty before his tent till he attracted his notice. On being asked if he would sell him—'What will you give me?' said he. 'It depends upon his age; I suppose he is past five?' 'Guess again,' was the reply. 'Four.' 'Look at his mouth,' said the Arab, with a smile. On examination he was found rising three; this, from his size and perfect symmetry, greatly enhanced his value. The envoy said, 'I will give you fifty tomans,' (a nominal coin nearly the value of a pound sterling.) 'A little more, if you please, said the fellow apparently entertained. 'Eighty!—a hundred!' He shook his head, and smiled. The offer came at last to two hundred tomans! 'Well,' said the Arab, seemingly quite satisfied, 'you need not tempt me any farther—it is of no use; you are a fine elchee; you have fine horses, camels, and mules, and I am told you have loads of silver and gold; now,' added he, 'you want my colt, but you shall not have him for all you have got.' So saying, he rode off to the desert whence he had come, and where he no doubt amused his brethren with an account of what passed between him and the European envoy.

"Inquiry was made of some officers of the Pasha of Bagdad respecting this young man; they did not know him, but conjectured that, notwithstanding his homely appearance, he was the son or brother of a chief, or perhaps himself the head of a family; and such Arabs, they said, when in comparative affluence, no money could bribe to sell a horse like the one described.

"I was one day relating the above story to Abdulla Aga, the former governor of Bussorah, who was at Abusheher, having been obliged to fly from Turkey. He told me that,

when in authority, he several times had great trouble in adjusting disputes among Arab tribes, regarding a horse or mare which had been carried off by one of them from another; not on account of the value of the animals, that having been often offered tenfold, but from jealousy of their neighbours becoming possessed of a breed of horses which they desired to remain exclusively in their own tribe. An Arab shaikh or chief, he told me, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favourite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not for a long time discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time afterwards a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but who had always been rejected by the shaikh, obtained the lady's consent and eloped with her. The shaikh and his followers pursued; but the lover and his mistress, mounted on the same horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil or the favourite mare he had lost. After his return he found, on inquiry, the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as of his daughter, and that he had stolen the one for the purpose of carrying off the other. He was quite gratified to think he had not been beaten by a horse of another breed, and was easily reconciled to the young man in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than his daughter."

All have heard of the respect paid by Orientals to a portly form; apropos to an instance of this feeling the author gives an amusing anecdote from the history of Nadir Shah.

"The Emperor of Constantinople, Mahmood the Fifth, the great rival of Nadir Shah, desiring to humble the vanity of that conqueror, and knowing he valued himself more on his superior bodily power and sten-

torian voice than on any other qualities, selected, as an envoy to Persia, a porter of extraordinary personal strength and most powerful lungs.

"The envoy had merely charge of a letter, which he was told to deliver in person to the king, to require an answer, and return. The fame of this remarkable diplomatist preceded him; and Nadir was advised not to receive him, as his deputation was deemed an insult. But curiosity overcame all other considerations, and he was introduced one day that there was a very full court.

"When the Turk approached the throne, Nadir, assuming his fiercest look, and exerting his voice to the utmost, said, 'What do you desire of me?' Almost all started, and the hall vibrated to the sound; but the envoy, with an undaunted air, and in a voice of thunder, which made Nadir's appear like the treble of a child, exclaimed, 'Take that letter, and give me an answer, that I may return to my master.'

"The court were in amazement; all eyes were turned on Nadir, whose frowning countenance gradually relaxed into a smile, and, turning to his courtiers, he said, 'After all, the fellow certainly has merit.' He was outdone, but he could not help, like Hajee Hashem, respecting in another the qualities he valued in himself.

"Nadir is stated to have retorted the intended insult, by saying to the envoy, when he gave him leave to depart, 'Tell Mahmood I am glad to find he has one man in his dominions, and has had the good sense to send him here, that we may be satisfied of the fact.'"

The elchee himself was fortunate in the robustness of his form and his power of supporting fatigue. And in order to make a favourable impression on the Persians, he appears to have rode fifty or sixty miles every morning, and at last to have almost worn out his mehmendar, or entertainer on his journey. The poor man's fatigue caused him to make a favourable mention of the elchee's

qualities in the journal kept by him to be shown to the monarch.

"The elchee and the English gentlemen with him, rise at dawn of day; they mount their horses and ride for two or three hours, when they come home and breakfast. From that time till four o'clock, when they dine, the elchee is either looking at horses, conversing, reading, or writing; he never lies down, and, if he has nothing else to do, he walks backwards and forwards before his tent-door, or within it. He sits but a short time at dinner, mounts his horse again in the evening, and when returned from his ride, takes tea, after which he converses or plays at cards till ten o'clock, when he retires to rest; and next day pursues nearly the same course.

"What I chiefly remark is, that neither he nor any of the gentlemen sleep during the day, nor do they ever, when the weather is warm, recline upon carpets as we do. They are certainly very restless persons; but when it is considered that these habits cause their employing so much more time every day in business, and in acquiring knowledge than his majesty's subjects, it is evident that at the end of a year they must have some advantage. I can understand from what I see, better than I could before, how this extraordinary people conquered India. My office is very fatiguing, for the elchee, though a good-natured man, has no love of quiet, and it is my duty to be delighted with all he does, and to attend him on all occasions."

The author gives an anecdote of this same mehmendar, which will assist the reader in comprehending the authority of his office.

"My friend, Mahomed Sheriff Khan, was, as appears from his journal, a keen observer. He had the reputation of being a good soldier; but his distinguishing feature was pride in his condition, as the chief of a tribe, and as representing, in his

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person, a portion of the authority of the King of Kings. This pride, however, which often flamed forth in real or assumed rage, was much regulated in its action by a regard for his own interests. He was always civil to the elchee and those with him, but to all upon whom his office gave him claims his demeanour was haughty and overbearing, till soothed by concession or bribes. I met the meh-mendar one morning, with a man leading a beautiful Arab colt, to which he pointed, saying, 'That old scoundrel, Shaikh Nasser (governor of Abusheher), had very nearly deprived me of that animal.' 'What?' said I, 'could he venture to take him from you?' 'No,' said he, 'the horse was his; but he had concealed him so carefully that I was near going away without getting him. I heard of him before I left Shiraz, and have been on the search ever since I came to Abusheher. I have just found him, hidden in an inner room, covered with dirt: and then to hear how the old fool whined about this colt of his favourite daghee,* as he called him. He meant him, he said, to mount his son, a puny wretch, who was standing by, entreating me to listen to his father's prayer, and not to take away their only favourite: to save which they offered several useless animals and some money. But I laughed out loud,' concluded Mahomed Sheriff Khan, stroking his grizzly beard, 'and said, they knew little of an old wolf like me, if they thought I was to be moved by their bleating, or tricked by their cunning. Go,' said I to the old shaikh, 'and build a boat for that hopeful heir of yours; it will befit him better than a horse like this, which is only suited for a son of mine to ride upon.'"

It appears from a long and very interesting conversation between the elchee and his friends on the condition of Oriental women, that their power is not short of what it is elsewhere; and that their liberty, if not

quite as great as in Europe, extends to a point where habit renders them satisfied; and to go beyond which would not be acceptable to them. We will quote a "screed" of this doctrine:—

"'So you see,' said Jaffier, 'this liberty of choice which your forward, though inexperienced, young ladies exercise, has had as well as good effects. Now our daughters never run away; and as they have seldom ever seen their destined husbands, if they have no love for them, neither have they any dislike. The change from the condition of a girl under the strict subjection of her mother to that of a wife at the head of her own part of the household, is so agreeable, that they are too happy to adopt it.

"'You English take your ideas of the situation of females in Asia from what you hear and read of the harems of kings, rulers, and chiefs, who being absolute over both the men and women of their territories, indulge in a plurality of wives and mistresses. These, undoubtedly, are immured within high walls, and are kept during life like slaves; but you ought to recollect, that the great and powerful, who have such establishments, are not in the proportion of one to ten thousand of the population of the country. If a person of inferior rank marry a woman of respectable connexions, she becomes mistress of his family; and should he have only one house, he cannot place another on an equality without the certainty of involving himself in endless trouble and vexation, if not disgrace. The dower usually settled upon such a lady, added to other privileges, and an unlimited authority over her children and servants, give her much importance; and she is supported by her relations in the assertion of every right with which custom has invested her.

"'With regard to liberty, such a lady cannot only go to the public

* "A celebrated stud-horse of Shaikh Nasser."

bath, but she visits for one or two days, as she chooses, at the house of her father, brother, sister, or son. She not only goes to all these places unattended, but her husband's following her would be deemed an unpardonable intrusion. Then she has visitors at home; friends, musicians, and dancers: the husband cannot enter the lady's part of the house without giving notice. I only wish,' said Jaffier Ali, laughing, 'you could see the bold blustering gentleman of the *mordānch* in the lady's apartment; you would hardly believe him to be the same person. The moment his foot crosses the threshold, every thing reminds him he is no longer lord and master; children, servants and slaves look alone to the lady. In short, her authority is paramount: when she is in good humour, every thing goes on well; and when in bad, nothing goes right. It is very well for *grandees*, who, besides power and wealth, have separate houses and establishments, and are above all regard for law and usage, to have harems, and wives, and female slaves; but for others, though they may try the experiment, it can never answer;' and he shook his head, apparently with that sincere conviction which is the result of experience."

The following is the mode of hunting with dogs and hawks on the coast of *Bushire* :—

"The huntsmen proceed to a large plain, or rather desert, near the sea-side; they have hawks and greyhounds; the former carried in the usual manner, on the hand of the huntsman: the latter led in a leash by a horseman, generally the same who carries the hawk. When the antelope is seen, they endeavour to get as near as possible; but the animal, the moment it observes them, goes off at a rate that seems swifter than the wind; the horsemen are instantly at full speed, having slipped the dogs. If it is a single deer, they at the same time fly the hawks; but

if a herd, they wait till the dogs have fixed on a particular antelope. The hawks, skimming along the ground, soon reach the deer, at whose head they pounce in succession, and sometimes with a violence that knocks it over: At all events, they confuse the animal so much as to stop its speed in such a degree that the dogs can come up; and in an instant men, horses, dogs and hawks, surround the unfortunate deer against which their united efforts have been combined. The part of the chase that surprised me most was the extraordinary combination of the hawks and the dogs, which throughout seemed to look to each other for aid. This I was told was the result of long and skilful training."

Another mode of hunting is thus described as practised here and in the interior of Persia :—

"Persons of the highest rank lead their own greyhounds in a long silken leash, which passes through the collar, and is ready to slip the moment the huntsman chooses. The well-trained dog goes alongside the horse, and keeps clear of him when at full speed, and in all kinds of country. When the herd of antelopes is seen, a consultation is held, and the most experienced determine the point towards which they are to be driven. The field then disperse, and while some drive the herd in the desired direction, those with the dogs take their post on the same line, at the distance of about a mile from each other; one of the worst dogs is then slipped at the herd, and from the moment he singles out an antelope the whole body are in motion. The object of the horsemen who have greyhounds is to intercept its course, and to slip fresh dogs, in succession, at the fatigued animal. In rare instances the second dog kills. It is generally the third or fourth; and even these, when the deer is strong and the ground favourable, often fail. This sport, which is very exhilarating, was the

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delight of the late king of Persia, Aga Mahomed Khan, whose taste is inherited by the present sovereign."

The elchee also describes a mode of taking the bustard with two species of hawks—the one taught to scud along the ground, the other to take wing:—

"I was pleased, on accompanying a party to a village, about twenty miles from Abusheher, to see a species of hawking peculiar, I believe, to the sandy plains of Persia, on which the hubara, a noble species of bustard, is found on almost bare plains, where it has no shelter but a small shrub called geetuck. When we went in quest of them we had a party of about twenty, all well mounted. Two kinds of hawks are necessary for this sport; the first, the cherkh (the same which is flown at the antelope), attacks them on the ground, but will not follow them on the wing; for this reason, the bhyree, a hawk well known in India, is flown the moment the hubara rises.

"As we rode along in an extended line, the men who carried the cherkhs every now and then unhooded and held them up, that they might look over the plain. The first hubara we found afforded us a proof of the astonishing quickness of sight of one of the hawks; he fluttered to be loose, and the man who held him gave a whoop, as he threw off his hand, and set off at full speed. We all did the same. At first we only saw our hawk skimming over the

plain, but soon perceived, at the distance of more than a mile, the beautiful speckled hubara, with his head erect and wings outspread, running forward to meet his adversary. The cherkh made several unsuccessful pounces, which were either evaded or repelled by the beak or wings of the hubara, which at last found an opportunity of rising, when a bhyree was instantly flown, and the whole party were again at full gallop. We had a flight of more than a mile, when the hubara alighted, and was killed by another cherkh, who attacked him on the ground. This bird weighed ten pounds. We killed several others, but were not always successful, having seen our hawks twice completely beaten, during the two days we followed this fine sport."

With a large quantity of agreeable and instructive matter before us, which we had marked as peculiarly delightful, we must stop here. We can truly say, we know of no writing so charming of the kind, unless it be the prose of Lallah Rookh; and if that prose combined as the "Sketches" do, the instruction of the "History of Persia" with the variety and entertainment of the Arabian Nights, it would then have equalled in merit this last valuable present from the stores of the celebrated elchee, whose name is famous in mouths that were never taught, either before or since, to syllable the appellation of an Englishman.

THE CONVERSATIONS OF ACTORS.

ACTORS are rather generally esteemed to be what is commonly called "good company." For our part, we think the companionable qualities of the members of the *corps dramatique* are much overrated. There are many of them, we know full well, as pleasant and agreeable spirits as any extant; but the great

mass of actors are too outrageously professional to please. Their conversation is too much tainted with theatricals—they do not travel off the stage in their discourse—their gossip smacks of the green-room—their jests and good things are, for the most part, extracts from plays—they lack originality—the drama is

their world, and they think nothing worthy of argument but men and matters connected with it. They are the weakest of all critics, their observations on characters in plays are hereditary opinions of the corps, which descend as heir looms with the part to its successive representatives. There are doubtless some splendid exceptions—we could name several performers, who talk finely on general subjects, who are not confined to the foot-lights in their fancies, who utter jests of the first water, whose sayings are worth hearing, and whose anecdotes are made up of such good materials, and are so well told withal, that our "lungs have crowed like chanticleer" to hear them. Others, we have met with, who are the antipodes of those drama-doating gentlemen whom we have noticed above, who rarely, unless purposely inveigled into it, mention the stage or those who tread it. One highly gifted individual, when alive, enjoyed a discourse on the merits of Molyneux, the small talk of the P. C., or a vivid description of an old-school fight; another has a keen relish for all matters connected with the Great St. Leger—the state of the odds against the outside fillies for the Oaks—the report of those deep versed in veterinary lore, upon the cough of the favourite for the Derby; you cannot please a certain excellent melo-dramatic actor better than by placing him alongside of an enthusiastic young sailor, who will talk with him about maintops and mizens—sky-scrapers and shrouds—

of gallant ships,

Proudly floating o'er the dark blue ocean,

The eternal theme of one old gentleman is his parrot, and another chatters incessantly about his pupils. Some of the singers—the serious order of singers—are as namby-pamby off the stage as they are on it, unless revelling in "sweet sounds;" they are too fond of humming tunes, sol-fa-ing, and rehearsing graces in so-

ciety; they have plenty to sing, but nothing to say for themselves; they chime the quarters like "our grandmother's clock," and at every revolution of the minute index, strike up their favourite tune. This is as bad as being half smothered in honey, or nearly

Washed to death in fulsome wine.

There is one actor on the stage who is ever attempting to show the possibility of achieving impossibilities; he is one of the most pleasant visionaries in existence; his spirit soars aloft from every day matters, and delights in shadowy mysteries; a matter-of-fact is a gorgon to him; he abhors the palpable, and doats upon the occult and intangible: he loves to speculate on the doings of those in the dogstar, to discuss on immortal essences, to dispute with the disbeliever on gnomes—a paradox will be the darling of his bosom for a month, and a good chimera be his bedfellow by night and theme by day for a year. He is fickle, and casts off his mental mistress at an hour's notice—his mind never weds any of the strange, fantastic idealities, which he woos for a time so passionately—deep disgust succeeds to the strongest attachment for them—he is as great a rake among the wayward "rebusses of the brain" which fall under his notice as that "wandering melodist—the bee of Hybla"—with the blossoms of spring. He has no affection for the schemes, or "vain imaginations" of other men—no one can ridicule them more smartly—he loves only "flowers of his own gathering"—he places them in his breast, and wears them there with miraculous constancy—flaunts them in the eyes of his friends—woos the applause, the admiration of every one at their charms—and the instant he discovers that another feels a budding fondness for their beauties, he dashes them from him, and abuses them for ever after, *sans* mercy.

THE SEASONS;

A HYMN, BY THE LATE BISHOP HEBER.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade,
 The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade,
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
 The moon and stars their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
 Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny !
 No, let the year forsake its course, the seasons cease to be,
 Thee, Master, must we always love, and still must honor thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade,
 The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade,
 The winds be lull'd—the sun and moon forget their old decree,
 But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will cling to thee.

ON COALHEAVERS.

ALTHOUGH in this age of all but universal hypocrisy and make-believe, every man has at least two fashions of one countenance, it is in dress principally that most men are most unlike themselves. But the coalheaver always sticks close to the attire of his station ; he alone wears the consistent and befitting garb of his forefathers ; he alone has not discarded "the napless vesture of humility," to follow the always expensive, and often absurd fashions of his superiors. All ungalled of him is each courtier's heel or great man's kibe. Yet, is not even his everyday clothing unseemly, or his aspect unprepossessing. He casts as broad and proper a shadow in the sun as any other man. Black he is, indeed, but comely, like the daughters of Jerusalem. To begin with the hat which he has honoured with a preference—what are your operas or your fire-shovels beside it ? they must instantly (on a fair comparison) sink many degrees below zero in the scale of contempt. In a word, I would make bold to assert that it unites in perfection the two grand requisites of a head covering, beauty and comfort. Gentlemen may smile at this

if they will, and take exception to my taste ; but, I ask, does the modern round hat, whatever the insignificant variations of its form, possess either quality ? No, not a jot of it. One would think, by our pertinacious adherence to the head-ach giving, circular conformation, that we wished to show our anger to the Almighty for not shaping our caputs like cylinders. In fine, though the parson's and the quaker's hat has each its several merits, commend me to the fan-tailed *shallow*. The flap part attached to the cap seems, at first sight, as to use, supernecessary, although so ornamental withal. It no doubt (as its name, indeed indicates) had its origin in gallantry, and was invented in the age of faus, for the purpose of cooling their mistresses' bosoms, heated—as they would necessarily be—at fair time, by their gravel-grinding walks, under a fervid sun, to the elegant revels of West-end, of Greenwich, or of Tothill-fields. Breeches, rejected by common consent of young and old alike, cling to the legs of the coalheaver with an abiding fondness, as to the last place of refuge ; and, on gala-days, a dandy might die of envy to

mark the splendour of those nether integuments—which he has not soul enough to dare to wear—of brilliant eye-arresting blue, or glowing scarlet plush, glittering in the sun's rays, giving and taking glory! But enough of the dress of these select “true born Englishmen”—for right glad I am to state that there are but *two* Scotch coalheavers on the whole river, and *no* Irish. I beg leave to return to the more important consideration of their manners.

Most people you meet in your walks in the common thoroughfare of London, glide, shuffle, or crawl onward, as if they conscientiously thought they had no manner of right to tread the earth but on sufferance. Not so our coalheaver. Mark how erect *he* walks! how firm a keel he presents to the vainly breasting human tide that comes rolling on with a show of opposition to his onward course! It is he, and he only, who preserves, in his gait and in his air, the self-sustained and conscious dignity of the first-created man. Surrounded by an inferior creation, he gives the wall to none. That pliancy of temper, which is wont to make itself known by the waiving a point or renouncing a principle for others' advantage, in him has no place; he either knows it not, or else considers it a poor, mean-spirited, creeping baseness, altogether unworthy of his imitation, and best befitted with ineffable contempt. He neither dreads the contact of the baker—the Scylla of the metropolitan peripatetic, nor yet shuns the dire collision of the

chimney-sweep—his Charybdis. Try to pass him as he walks leisurely on, making the solid earth ring with his bold tread, and you will experience more difficulties in the attempt than did that famous admiral, Bartholomew Diaz, when he first doubled the Cape of Storms. Or let us suppose, that haply you allow your frail carcass to go full drive against his sturdiness, when lo!—in beautiful illustration of those doctrines in projectiles, that relate to the concussion of moving bodies—you fly off at an angle “right slick” into the middle of the carriage-way; whence a question of some interest presently arises, whether you will please to be run over by a short or a long stage. But to return. Who hesitates to make way for a coalheaver? As for their drays—as *consecutive* a species of vehicles as a body can be stopped by—every one knows they make way for themselves.

I one Sunday met a party of my favourites in St. Paul's cathedral. They seemed to view with becoming respect and even awe that splendid place; and they listened to and observed, with apparent profound attention, the cathedral service. Yet I must confess my favourable opinion of their grave looks was rather staggered by overhearing afterwards one of them say to his neighbour, casting a look all round the while, “My eyes, Tom, what lots o' *coals* this here place would hold.” Perhaps the observation was meant in honour.

VARIETIES.

CAOUTCHOUC HOSE.

AN interesting experiment took place on board the powerful floating engine belonging to the London Assurance Corporation, a few days since, in presence of the Directors, to ascertain the strength of a newly-invented hose, made of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber.

A length of leather hose and one of Indian rubber were attached to the engine, each furnished with a branch tightly corked. On working the engine for a short time, the *leather hose*, unable any longer to resist the accumulated pressure, burst in the solid part of the leather; while the Indian rubber hose remained

firm and uninjured; and the engine itself became disabled, by the breaking of one of its cranks, without producing any effect upon the elastic material of which the new hose is constructed. The Norwich Union Society's engine is provided with these hose, and used them at the late calamitous fire at Fresh Wharf. The greatest advantage will be derived by the general adoption of the caoutchouc hose, in lieu of leather; but they cannot be laid across *hot ruins*.

ARTIFICIAL BLOOM.

A fine bloom is given by fruit-dealers to cucumbers, grapes, peaches, plums, and other fruits, after the natural colour has faded, by powdering them with magnesia, pounded as fine as possible. It may, at first sight, appear surprising that a *white* powder should give an equal bloom to fruits of different colours; but the colour resides in the skin, and the magnesia has merely the effect of bringing that colour out.—*Abridged from the Gard. Mag.*

On mentioning the above to a friend, he observed, that it was owing, he presumed, to a similar cause, that he had seen the colours of a carpet, on which some calcined magnesia had been accidentally scattered, completely revived.

GEOLOGY.

Brydone mentions an orchard belonging to a convent near Catania, planted upon a mass of decomposing lava, and which, at a subsequent eruption of Mount *Ætna*, had been removed some distance by a new torrent of lava undermining the stone, and transporting it upon its surface. In Switzerland several instances occur of tracts of land sliding from their locality on a mountain's side to the valley below. The Abbé Ambrose states that, while traversing a part of the great chain of the Alleghany mountains in America, the ground on which he stood, and to the extent of two or three acres, with the trees growing thereon, detached itself from the side of the mountain, and with a

gentle motion descended into the valley at its feet. Similar phenomena are frequent in other parts of the world.

MAGNETS.

It has been hitherto found, that if five single magnets, each raising one pound, are put together, the compound magnet formed of the whole, instead of raising five pounds, only raises three. A young mechanic of Edinburgh, named Jackson, has at length devised a very simple method (not yet, however, divulged) of combining any number of single magnets, by which the power of each is preserved entire in the compound magnet; or rather increased. At an experiment witnessed by the editor of the "*Scotsman*," five small magnets raised fifteen times their own weight, and a few pounds more than the aggregate force of the whole.

TO MAKE SIZE FROM POTATOES.

One of the beneficial uses of potatoes, not perhaps generally known, is that the starch of them, quite fresh, and washed only once, may be employed to make size; which, mixed with chalk, and diluted in a little water, forms a very beautiful and good white for ceilings. This size has no smell, while animal size, which putrefies so readily, always exhales a very disagreeable odour. That of potatoes, as it is very little subject to putrefaction, appears from experience to be more durable in tenacity and whiteness.

TO PRESERVE FRUITS THE WHOLE YEAR WITHOUT SPOILING.

Mix 1lb. of nitre with 2lbs. of bole ammoniac and 3lbs. of clean common sand: then, in dry weather, take fruit of any sort, which is not fully ripe, allowing the stalks to remain, and put them one by one into an empty glass till it is quite full; cover the glass with oiled cloth closely tied down; put the glass three or four inches down in the earth, in a dry cellar, and surround it on all sides to the depth of three or four inches with the above mixture.

The fruit will thus be preserved quite fresh all the year round.

TO PREVENT ENGRAVED WOODBLOCKS FROM WARPING.

When the blocks are not in actual use, and especially after being wet, let them be taken out of the forms, or exposed to the air so as to dry equally on both sides. If taken out of the forms when wet, let them be set up on edge or end to dry, but not in the sunshine or near the fire.

Expensive blocks, intended to furnish a great quantity of impressions, ought to be washed with spirits of turpentine, and not wet with any thing else.

When blocks have already warped or sprung, place them on a damp cloth or paper for a few hours, with the rounding side up.

When straight, set them on an end to dry. Inexperienced or careless workmen are apt to leave them on the stone or elsewhere, with the bottoms very wet, and sometimes at least one-fourth immersed. This causes the bottom of the block to expand, while the face remains of the original size; of course it warps, and the ends become too high, and the first impression generally splits it; which the above suggestions, if attended to, will prevent.

EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER MILLS.

Iron has been excluded from powder works, in consequence of its giving out sparks when struck; and brass and copper have been employed in its stead, from an idea that they are free from this danger. It appears, however, from a series of experiments made by Col. Aubert, (Bull. de la Soc. d'Encouragement), that not only brass struck on brass, but even lead against lead, will inflame powder. May not many of the deplorable accidents which have happened at gunpowder mills have been owing to an ignorance of these facts? From none of Col. Aubert's experiments did it appear that iron struck against lead or wood would produce inflammation.

SONG.

TUNE—"Love was once a little boy."

Beauty once was but a girl—
Heigho! Heigho!
Coral lips and teeth of pearl;
Heigho! Heigho!
Then 'twas hers her arms to twine
Round my neck, as at Love's shrine,
Soft I zoned her waist with mine,
Heigho! Heigho!

Beauty's grown a woman now,
Heigho! Heigho!
Haughty mien and haughty brow,
Heigho! Heigho!
Tossing high her head in air,
As if she deems her charms so rare,
Will ever be what once they were,
Heigho! Heigho!

Beauty's charms will quickly fade,
Heigho! Heigho!
Beauty's self ere long be dead,
Heigho! Heigho!
And should Beauty haply die,
Shall we only sit and sigh?
No, Bacchus, no, thy charms we'll try!
Heigho! Heigho!

WHITE MONKEY.

A perfectly white monkey was caught in April at Ramree. The hair on its body was white, curly, and soft as silk. The animal was reckoned of a very rare description; so much so, as to excite great wonder and admiration among the natives, who represented that such a creature had never but once, to their knowledge, been seen in those parts; and then the king of Ava sent down a golden cage, with a host of people to escort the animal to the golden presence, and expended, beside, 20,000 rupees in sacrifices and public rejoicings; auguring, from the arrival of the extraordinary stranger, the most happy presages of good fortune. In the present instance, the creature was unfortunately of too young and tender an age when caught. A Burmese sioman, who was nursing an infant of her own, requested permission to suckle it, and very fairly divided her maternal attention between the two. The animal lived in apparent good health and spirits for six days; but, whether it was that its nursing disagreed with it, or that it was naturally very delicate, it died on the seventh day.

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